

## THE CALLING OF THE SEA.

BY C. C. HARRIS.

They are calling me, calling me, calling me,  
The waters so deep and wide,  
And I long to plunge into their current  
And out on their bosom drift.

I stand by the rolling ocean  
And watch the billows beat,  
Or stand by the rushing river  
Swift flowing at my feet;  
And out of the sea come voices,  
And the river murmurs low,  
To draw me into their bosom  
Down to their depths below.

You may hear upon the rocks  
With a calm, majestic sweep,  
You may roll upon the shore  
With your billows calm and deep;  
But whether calm or frantic  
I hear you calling low,  
In voice unheard by others,  
In words none others know,  
And you bid me come unto you,  
To calm rest down below.

When you're you roll in splendor,  
With long majestic sweep,  
When you're you dash and swirl,  
And up the high cliff leap,  
I know you want me, want me,  
And I long to be at rest,  
Beneath your storm far down below,  
In lasting calm to rest.

And I hope that my death will come to me  
On the river or on the sea;  
That the voice that is calling me ever  
Shall make my weary soul free.

They are calling me, calling me, calling me—  
The waters so deep and wide,  
And I long to plunge into their current  
And out on their bosom drift.

## SISTER ANGELA.

BY MRS. BELL BALL.

"What exquisitely beautiful hands. Does the face compare with them, Don Felipe?" The speaker turned to look after the retreating form of a black-robed nun, as his companion hesitated an instant, and then answered:

"Si, Senor. Her face was once the inspiration of a poet's pen and the artists' brush. She is yet very beautiful, but it is the loveliness of a nature from which the dross has been burned by the fiery ordeal of affliction."

"Ah, a romance?"

"A sad and bitter one."

"May I not hear it?"

Again Don Felipe hesitated. "The street is not the place to relate such a story."

"Well, we can leave the street. I am anxious to learn the history of a woman with hands like those; of course it is a love story."

"It is such an one that you need never wish to have a share in. If you must hear it, come with me to my house, and I will relate to you that which is now known to but few persons. That which I will tell you I have sad reason to know is true, for the lovely woman was my uncle's wife."

"At the base of the Sandoval mountains lies a level mesa of several hundred acres in extent, crossed by a mountain brook. In the center of the mesa is a rambling adobe building, with many placitas in which were once lovely statuary and sparkling fountains, overshadowed by noble trees. The cool waters of the brook rippled through the grounds and singing birds of brightest plumage dipped their wings in the sparkling depths. These wide acres belong to one of the wealthiest families in New Mexico, and were given hundreds of years ago in an old Spanish grant to the first of the name Salazar who came to this territory. The house is old, very old, and much of its former magnificence is still discernible in the rich carvings and splendid furnishings, but many a dreary year has passed since human feet have tread the moth-eaten carpets or looked from the dust-grimed windows. The hand of the destroyer has touched it, and ruin is inprinted everywhere."

Perfects Salazar, my father's youngest brother, inherited this land as his share in my grandfather's estate. My uncle was a passionate, unreasoning man—a man who fairly roused. He was forty-five years old when he married, and took for his wife a wild young girl whom he had dandied on his knee when a baby. She did not love him, it was not in the nature of things that she should, but married him in obedience to her father's commands. She loved a man her equal in position and age; but to keep her from a marriage he did not approve, her father hurried on the marriage with my uncle."

I believe that Dolores Perea meant to keep sacredly the vows taken at the altar, and did so far as it was in her nature so to do, but her giddy ways were wholly unsuited to the serious manhood of my uncle, who loved her with all the passionate ardor of a man who had never known but one love. He surrounded her with every luxury that money could buy, and her light nature was in a measure contented, but my uncle was so insanely jealous of her that his life was made miserable by Dolores, who often tormented him needlessly."

It is just twenty years this very night since they were married, and nineteen years since Dolores looked for the last time on my uncle's face. She had among her jewels a bracelet, one of that peculiar hideous pattern so much in vogue in those days. It was a present from her father on her fourteenth birthday, and being somewhat antique in style, it had been laid aside for a number of years, and her husband had never chanced to see it. Searching in her jewel case for gems to wear to a grand ball on that Christmas eve, the anniversary of her wedding, she found the birthday bauble and in a spirit of mischief fastened it on her arm. Its golden scales sparkled and scintillated as it twisted its coils about the soft, white flesh, and the great ruby eyes of the serpentine trinket glowed with a lurid fire that seemed to herald the gathering storm; from its mouth depended a tiny locket in which was Senor Perea's picture; painted on ivory so many years before, it bore slight resemblance to the Senor of that day."

Dolores was arrayed in magnificent attire when my uncle entered the dressing-room at her request, to see if she was robed to suit his over-fastidious taste. Her dress of filmy black lace was worn over crimson velvet, and swept in ruddy billows about her pretty feet. A heavy band of ruby-studded gold gleamed in her black hair. About her beautiful bare throat was clasped

a wide collar of rubies, and ruby stars sparkled in her ears, shone in the rosette on her tiny slippers and caught up the soft folds of her lace. No rings save her marriage circlet of virgin gold were on her dainty hands, and on one arm glinted and winked in all its barbaric hideousness the gold and ruby serpent.

My uncle feasted his eyes on the rarely lovely picture she made as she stood in the soft glow of the wax tapers, till a movement of her rounded arm brought to view the fatal bracelet. He thought it some trinket she had lately bought, but to his idle question she made some evasive answer, which roused his jealous nature, and he pounced on the ugly thing and was about to tear it from her arm when the locket flew open and a man's face looked up at him. In his blind fury he struck her from him and rushed, cursing, from her room.

Dolores was so panic-stricken at the absurd turn her expected fun had taken that she was unable to move, but crouching among the curtains where her husband had hurled her, she heard the clatter of horses' hoofs and knew that he had gone off in a rage and she would see him no more for hours—such was his habit—and it occasioned her no uneasiness, but, strange consistency, she was growing to love him, and dropping down before the crucifix on her dressing table she cried bitterly, and vowed by the holy virgin never to torment him so again.

A stinging sensation in her arm claimed her attention and an examination showed that her husband, in his anger, had crushed the rough gold of her bracelet into the tender flesh, till her wrist bore a wide mark of blood; it had dried into the scales of the snake, and dripped down among her laces. With a shrill scream she tried to unclasp it, but the catch was bent and would not give way. Her cry of terror brought her maid to the room, but their united efforts could not undo the clasp. Finally Dolores said: "Let it be until Senor Salazar returns, he can break it."

"Senor Perfecto was in a terrible passion when he rode away. His face was like death, and Diabolo had not been ridden for weeks. I'm afraid there will be mischief done to-night."

Dolores did not reprove the talkative maid, but walking to the window peered anxiously out. Her vision was bounded by four walls above which she could see but little blue sky. She turned back with a dreadful fear at her heart.

"How strange! it has clouded up since Sunday. It will storm before daybreak, I fear."

"Indeed it will, Senora. The heaven is black now. Will you want the carriage to-night? Jose is waiting for orders."

"No, unless Senor Salazar returns, I will remain at home. Come with me, perhaps we can hear if he is coming." Throwing a rebozo over her head and shoulders, she caught up her trailing draperies, and together they passed out into the gathering darkness, and ascended to the roof.

The outlook was forbidding indeed. Above the Sandoval mountains the snow clouds were drifting their soft covering, while over the mesa, and plain the bleak winds from Hell canon were roaring in mad fury.

"Which road did Senor Salazar take?" asked Dolores as they turned from their fruitless errand to descend the stairway.

"The north one toward the canon, Senora."

"I feared so much," shivered Dolores, "but it cannot now be helped," and entering her own room again, she laid aside her jewels and laces, and slipping into a soft crimson robe, she crouched down on a pile of furs before the fire-place and waited.

Midnight came, but still no husband, and rising from her furs, chilled to the heart, the fire burned to white ashes, Dolores tried to pierce the blackness of the winter sky. No comfort there. The storm unheeded through the thick walls was howling and tearing over the mountain in mad frenzy, and snow was piled in great drifts about the statuary in the placita.

"This is a terrible storm," Dolores muttered to herself. "I cannot remember one like it. Perfecto must have sought refuge somewhere and I may as well retire."

Christmas morning dawned as fair as though a storm had never blackened the face of the blue sky. The world looked pure and most lovely under the thick white mantle glistening in the sunlight, and told no tales of the wild night's doings.

Some miners far up the mountain side, concluding that winter was upon them, gathered up their scanty belongings and sought the lower level. They came upon a heap in the bottom of the canon, where the road ran between two walls of rocks which rose perpendicular 200 feet. It proved to be a horse and rider, crushed beyond all hope of life remaining.

Went over the cliff in the storm last night," was the terse comment, as they raised the mangled form of the man and prepared to carry it down the mountain.

"How my mother save us," ejaculated one of the party, as he brushed the snow from the dead face. "It's Senor Salazar."

And so it was. In his mad ride he had spurred his horse too close to the cliff, and went over the side into the canon, and it was this that Dolores had feared, when she asked the road he had taken. I need not dwell on the scene in his home when they carried his lifeless body and laid it in her room. Though her affection for him had been more like that of a child for a parent, she knew that she was the idol of his heart, and felt that she had driven him to death. She buried him in splendid pomp, and spent vast sums in masses for his soul. Then closing the doors in her home, she entered the convent of the Sacred Heart and has spent her life in supplication for pardon for her unintentional wrong.

Her hair, once the color of the raven's wing, is as white as the snow on yonder mountain peak. The sparkle and shone of her beautiful eyes have been quenched in tears, and her light, quick step has changed to the weary tread of the hopeless.

The ranch stands undisturbed year after year, moth, mold and rust hold-

ing high carnival among the priceless treasures of the deserted rooms. No one would enter those walls for twice the wealth to be found there, for the curse of God seems to rest on it all.

Sister Angela is a veritable saint in the eyes and the hearts of the lowly to whom she is a ministering angel at all times.

In the hands you so much admired she ever carries a silver crucifix, to which is attached a slender gold chain; the one my uncle always wore. Every Christmas the scar on her wrist, made on that fatal night, is bruised afresh, and in fasting and agonizing prayer she passes the watches of the lonely hours. Dolores Salazar is dead to the world, but lives again in the hearts of the afflicted and downtrodden, and will forever live in the memory of the church as Sister Angela.

"But what became of the younger lover, did he never marry?"

"He sits beside you."

### A Carriage Maker's Experience.

Wall street men are looked upon by the sellers of good things and luxuries as the best customers in the city. A member of a leading carriage-manufacturing firm, speaking of the bulls and bears the other day, said: "It is not the extremely wealthy man, or the one who gets his fortune by slow accumulation, who is our best patron. The Wall street man, whose fortune hangs on the fluctuations of the market, is the one. He is liberal and open-handed, and when he strikes it rich he spends the money freely. When he is on the right side of the market, and makes a haul, he wants a Delmonico dinner, a carriage, the theater, and all the good things going. He acts regardless of expense. When he is down, he is clear down; when he is up, he is away up on top. And when he gets a carriage, he wants a good one, no fixing over of an old one for him, no refurnishing, no new linings, but he must have a brand new article, right up to style."

"By contrast, there is a customer of ours who is reported to be worth \$30,000,000, whom we have been trying to induce to purchase a new carriage; he needs it, and says so; but he has not been as fortunate in speculations as he expected, and he feels poor! I suppose he will have the old carriage fixed up and make it do until he makes a ten-strike. Another, a \$5,000,000 patron, is running on the same line, and his wife can't lead him to see his way clear to the purchase of a new vehicle. Your Wall street man, who lives on his margins, and who is up to-day and down to-morrow, is the best customer of them all. He lives while he lives, and then waits for the next wave."

### How to Train Pet Dogs.

"Lots of people who own dogs desire to train their pets, but they do not understand how," said a well-known dog fancier to a New York reporter. "Yes, there are some rules about it. For instance, the training should be begun, if possible, when the dog is a puppy, and about four months old, and the lessons should always be given in a quiet place with no one present but the teacher. In the training of your dog you should remember that you must endeavor to make him bend to your will by kindness, at the same time being firm and decided in all that you do. Use the whip sparingly, and never use it in anger. To teach him to lead place a string of about six or eight feet in length around his neck. The dog will endeavor to release himself, and you must stand still until he has ceased his struggles. This will teach him that he cannot get away, and then you can teach him to come to you. Stand off the length of the string, and say, 'Come,' or 'Come here,' using the same word or words every time, so as not to confuse him. When calling him at the same time pulling on the string gently. He will soon comprehend the meaning and obey whenever the words are used. When giving the lesson always pet and caress the dog whenever he does as you wish. It is also advisable to teach him at this time by some word or gesture, which will indicate that his study hour is over. To teach him to go or stop, place yourself in or near some place where you know he desires to go, and say 'Go,' urging him on by calling. When he has gone part of the distance, call, 'Stop,' at the same time pulling on the string and repeating the command. With patience and kindness you will very soon make him understand and be obedient. The time required in this training varies according to the sagacity of the dog, usually being from one to two weeks. Never let the lesson occupy more than half an hour, and when through have some choice morsel to give him. Whilst making him fear you by sternness, teach him to attach himself to you by kindness. To teach him to 'charge' or 'lie down,' put your hand on his back and command him to 'charge,' at the same time placing him in position with his head between his forepaws. A few lessons will make him understand."

### Hotels of the World.

Hotel building and renovation in Paris is reported to be going on at a lively rate.

Venice is to have a new hotel to be built entirely of iron and glass—a sort of crystal palace.

A man at a Florence hotel committed suicide by throwing himself down the elevator well hole.

Ireland is pre-eminent now as about the worst country in the world for the hotel business.

Among the accusations made against the hotel-keepers of Rome is that they have two sets of prices.

So crowded are the hotels at Cannes that the overflow has gone to boarding houses and public halls.

It is stated that the proprietor of the American hotel in Shanghai went there years ago as a missionary.

More travelers than usual in Algiers this winter, which is a good thing for the hotels, such as they are.

It is said that at Bavarian hotels the work of the housemaids is done by men and boys. This is certainly a new departure.

Berlin hotels are having a "flat, stale, and very unprofitable" winter. Business is in a condition destroying all idea of money-making.

## SOME MEDICAL MISCELLANY.

Short Cuts from Exchanges About the Ills that Flesh is Heir to.

The nose occupies such a prominent position that it is very liable to injury, and as its shape and general appearance adds to or detracts so much from the personal good looks, it was formerly very subject to mutilation. The operations for its restoration after loss is termed rhinoplasty. Two of these have been practiced: The Indian, which dates back to a time before written history was begun, and the Italian, known also by the name of its inventor, Tagliacozzi or Tagliacozzi, who first published a description of it in 1587.

The Indian operation was introduced into Europe in 1816. The new nose is made from a flap taken from the forehead. The first thing to be done is to take a thin piece of gutta serena or cardboard, which is modeled to the form and size of the wished-for nasal organ. This is then flattened and placed upon the forehead as a guide by which to form the flap. As the skin always shrinks after it is loosened from the underlying tissues, the flap must be made about a quarter of an inch larger on all sides than the model. The outline is marked with a black crayon or with tincture of iodine.

Care must be taken not to make the flap too large or too small. The flap to be raised may be taken from the center of the forehead or from either side. In raising it the cut is begun near the bridge and carried out so as to make the part remaining attached rather long, so that when twisted upon itself, as it must be when applied to its new position, its blood-supply will not be cut off. The flap includes all the tissues down to the bone, and on one side the incision extends lower than on the other, so as to facilitate the twisting to which it is to be subjected. After the flap has been detached from the bone everywhere except at its "stem," toward the bridge of the nose, it is laid over a piece of lint, back in nearly its old position, while the "stump" of the nose is prepared to receive it. This is done by making a groove on each side to receive the edges of the flap, which ought to be pared into a wedge shape, so that raw edges come together. The edges of the flap are then attached to their new position, the stem or "pedicle" of the flap being slightly twisted so as to make this position possible by fine silk stitches.

A pledget of oiled lint or cotton is then gently pushed under the flap to hold it up, or if a "septum" (division between the nostrils) has been formed by bending down the central tip of the flap, two such rolls of lint are placed in the positions the future nostrils are to occupy. A piece of oiled silk or lint is to be laid over the new nose, which thus far does not look much like one, to preserve its temperature and thus encourage the circulation. The stitches are allowed to remain until firm union has taken place. The patient is placed in bed in a warm room, and the dressings are not disturbed for several days. A new support will probably have to replace the first one in three or four days. The wound in the forehead is drawn together like the edges of the fissure in the operation for harelip.

The division between the nostrils may be made by a small flap taken from the upper lip. This is preferable to an attempt to form one from the forehead flap. Some surgeons think it better not to attempt to replace this part. This may be done in two or three weeks after the formation of the main part of the nose. At the end of a month or six weeks, the part that attaches the root of the new nose to the forehead should be separated, by taking out a wedge-shaped piece, leaving the bridge smooth, or the bridge or root of the new nose may be cut wedge-shaped and laid into a notch in the forehead prepared for its reception at the first operation. The openings for air must be kept supported in position for several months by tubes of silver or gutta serena. After some time the new nose keeps its shape without support. This operation is usually successful.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PLENTY OF WATER A GOOD THING. Medical authorities now declare that it is of vital importance to health that the system should receive daily a sufficient quantity of water to amount to what sailors would call a "flushing"; that is, sufficient to wash away the waste. Most of the matter which should be excreted is solid, and requires a comparatively large volume of fluid to dissolve it so that it may be cast off, an example of which may be seen in the case of uric acid, which needs several thousand times its weight in water to dissolve; or else it crystallizes in the shape of calculi, or produces other disease. Three and a half pints of water or other clear fluid, not obstructed by semi-solid contents, should be taken daily by every adult, and by large people as much as four and a half or five pints, in order to keep the cells of the kidneys well washed out, the effete waste matter from the possibility of depositing itself where it may do no harm, and the system in health generally.—Harper's Bazar.

### A SPANISH EXPLORER.

The First European to Lead Through Texas.

[Fort Worth Gazette.]

The first European to make extensive explorations in Texas was Alvar Nurez, who has left a record of his wanderings which appeared in Spain in 1537, and which has been used to advantage by H. B. Bancroft in his "History of the North Mexican States and Texas." He was one of the survivors of a party of Spaniards numbering 240 men, besides the officers, who for six weeks sailed in a frail craft, tempest-tossed and suffering terribly from thirst, hunger, exposure and attacks from warlike Indians, until early in November, 1537, they finally stranded on an island off the coast of Texas. Emaciated and weak, the naked survivors were cast up by the waves to fall into the hands of the savages.

A few of the strongest survivors were sent to the main land by their fellows with orders to seek help from the nearest Spaniards. The remainder were soon reduced from eighty to

fifteen by famine and pestilence, and those few were enslaved by the Indians and soon became scattered from one another. Alvar Nurez remained on the island a captive for more than a year, and was forced by his harsh masters to dig roots as food from under the water. After a time, however, he was allowed greater liberty and bettered his condition by trading with the natives on the mainland, traveling, naked as he was, over Texas for many leagues of territory, and exchanging shells and various articles used on the coast for skins and other inland products. Thus, for six years, he involuntarily made his home at Malhado Island, for thus he named the place of his misfortune.

After these years of captivity he finally succeeded in escaping from his captors with Oviedo, the only white survivor remaining on the island. He went down the coast, passing four large rivers, and finally entered a bay, which he supposed was the Espiritu Santo, discovered in 1519. He soon fell in with three or four persons belonging to the original party, and these four are the only ones who were known to have survived of the 300 that had sailed from Florida.

Alvar Nurez and his party, having leaped through terrible hardships to accommodate themselves to life in the wilderness, made the first extensive explorations in Texas and in the adjoining country that is known to have been made by Europeans. His account of their wanderings was republished a number of times in Spain, under a variety of titles, and was also translated into Italian, French and England.

Another narrative exists in the report given by the party to the audiencia in Mexico, in 1538. Although both statements bear the evident imprint of the fullest good faith, they were written from memory and contain many inaccuracies. They agree in essentials, however, in regard to the adventures of the party, but there is a wide difference in dates, directions and distances. These reports are fragmentary and ever contradictory, but they throw a priceless light on the condition of Texas then.

As the Spaniards do not speak of crossing the Mississippi River, as they certainly would had they noticed it, Malhado Island must, therefore, have been to the westward of the stream. Their location of the Bay of Espiritu Santo is fixed by certain great sand hills, which Oviedo mentions as prominent landmarks, and at the present day the United States coast survey speaks of the sand mound as rising from an almost level prairie region at the bay, which now bears the name of Espiritu Santo. This from the internal evidence of those early narratives shows that either this bay or San Antonio has the best claim of being the initial point from which explorations began into the Texan Territory. The journey of these pioneer explorers began in the summer of 1535, when Nurez and Oviedo took advantage of their master's annual visit to the interior to procure a supply of prickly pears for food, to make their escape.

### A Pathetic Incident.

A few weeks ago in this city a poor widow died, leaving one child, a little lame boy, to the cold charities of the world.

After his mother's funeral the little fellow was taken ill from the combined result of grief and neglect, and it was then evident that he would soon be united to his only friend.

He was left alone much of the day, there being no one who could spare the time to stay with him. It was often noticed that the voices of two persons could be heard in the little room. But when those in charge entered he would be alone and apparently asleep.

One day they listened, being quite sure that no one was with the child, and they overheard this strange monologue:

"Is you rite there, mamma?"

"Yes, my little boy, I'm rite here."

"Was you went away yet?"

"I went back to Heaven to tell God about my little boy."

"Did you was afraid, mamma?"

"No, my own little boy, 'cause God is nicher'n peoples."

"Did you told Him about me, mamma?"

"I tolded Him I had a little boy named Harry—an'an—"

There was a loud noise of sobbing then, and the listener without cried too. Presently the child's voice resumed:

"Did you told God to let me come up there, mamma?"

"Yes, my boy, an' he said 'bimeby, bimeby.'"

"Mamma, I see—so—tired—an'an—sleepy—an'an—I want to come an' stay with you—an'an—God."

There was a long silence then, broken by no cry or sob. The listeners went in after resolving in their hearts to be thereafter very patient with the motherless one.

But death had been kinder than they.

### Big Brains and Intellect.

A current medical opinion makes large brains and wisdom concomitant terms, and in corroboration of this view the large brain of Cuvier, the naturalist, weighing sixty-four ounces, is cited. On the other hand, Gambetta's brain only weighed thirty-four ounces, below the alleged normal limit. The explanation of these seemingly contradictory facts is a simple one. Cuvier's brain weight represented, not intellect, but healed hydrocephalus, from which the naturalist suffered in childhood.

The especial value of brain weight as a gauge of intellect is shown by the fact that an idiot's brain has weighed sixty-eight ounces. This enormous brain weight was due to the increase of the ependyma or barren layer, as Spitzka has shown. Intellect hence depends on brain quality rather than quantity. Brains of Cuvier's size suggest something pathological rather than intellectual. The small size of a brain by no means demonstrates a small intellect.—Medical Standard.

### Not Old Enough.

Father (to daughter).—Have you accepted the addresses of Mr. Moneybags?" Daughter.—Yes, papa. "Well, isn't he very old, my dear?" "Yes, papa; but he isn't nearly as old as I wish he was."—New York Sun.

## HUMOR.

HALF the pepper sold consists of y's. A MEAN temperature—Ten degrees below zero.

WHERE there's a will there's generally a way—to contest it.

STRANGE as it may seem, when money is close it is difficult to get very near it.

OYSTERS should be eaten only in cold weather, but salt and pepper are always seasonable.

"ARE you fond of tongue, sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, madame, and I like it still."

If a man was suddenly struck blind what would he say to his wife? "I haven't an eye, dear."

The largest dog in America is owned by a leather dealer, who runs a tannery off the bark of the dog.

It is admitted, far and wide, that it has been the maiden aim, since first the world of ones began, To change the maiden name.

—Tad-Bird.

LITTLE GUIL—Please mum, Pa's got a chill, an' he wants to know if he can come over and shake yer carpets.

"JUST bought this donkey, Jones. What do you think of my purchase?" "Most remarkable case of self-possession I ever knew."

"WHAT am I likely to draw if I buy a lottery ticket?" asks a rural subscriber. We never succeeded in drawing anything but a long breath.—Rambler.

CASHIER—I wish to marry your daughter, sir. May I have her? Proprietor (who has just been examining the books).—Well, I suppose I'd better give my consent. I want to keep the money in the family.

"Got any invisible ink?" he asked of the stationer. "Don't think I have," replied the man, as he scanned the shelves. "You don't think you'd see it if you had, do you?" asked the boy. "What's the use of being invisible if you can be seen?"—Detroit Free Press.

AN irate passenger in one of our street cars called the conductor to him and said, "Your company prohibits smoking in these cars, I believe?" "Yes sir."

"Then why do you permit that off lamp to remain?"

"That lamp only smokes, sor, when it goes out."—Chicago Ledger.

RETRIBUTION—Young lawyer (to client).—They can't hang you for a murder you didn't commit.

Client.—That's the Judge's sentence: "To be hanged by the neck until I am dead."

Young lawyer (thoughtfully) All right; you just go ahead and let 'em hang you, and I'll make 'em sweat for it.

FAIR DAUGHTER.—Pa, dear, why are you so gloomy? Come, cheer up and talk to your little Dot. Papa dear—Well, dear, if you must know, I think there'll have to be a receiver appointed for my bank soon. F. D.—Why, that is just too lovely. A receiver! And why can't you be a dear good father and appoint me? Then I would have to receive, and I could have a lovely new reception dress; you'd just the dearest papa in the world, but you do love to look gloomy about nothing.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A DOMESTIC IDYL.

After the baby came, how changed the place! The old home brightened with a newer grace; The roses grew more thickly round the door, And softer were the sunbeams on the floor; And sweeter was the song of every bird From that glad day his little voice was heard Crowing and cooing in such queer delight— But there was none walking down at night After the baby came.

After the baby came it seemed as though Earth could not be so full of grief and woe, That all the gates of happiness and bliss Were opened to us through that baby's kiss. Master was he of wondrous tricks and arts, By which he won his way into our hearts. From that first hour was heard his feeble wail— Yet how I barked my shins at midnight wail— The love that baby came!

—Harper's Bazar.

ROSE LEAVES.

Under the foot of the years, Hidden from life and light, With its burden of grief and tears, The past has gone from my sight, Leaving only a dream, And a lonely grave by the sea, And a song with love for a theme, Set to a minor key.

Like one who gathers the leaves Of a fragrant rose that is dead, And sighs as he seeks its grave, At the life and beauty fled, So I, from the buried past, Call back in its bloom a rose, And wonder if dreams that last Are the best that man ever knows.

I have only a dream in my heart, And a face that is now in my eyes! Can a new love's smile impart The love that never dies? Can rose leaves withered and dried Be stronger than flesh to hold The love a new love would buy? With its coin of beauty's gold?

In my heart lives only a dream, And the ghost of a past that is dead, In my eyes the living eyes gleam, By fleeting desire fed, But the withered rose in my hand Are sweet with the rose's breath, And a voice from the shadow land Is stronger than life or death.

—William Douglas, in Boston Transcript.

A Remarkable Wedding.

A very pretty incident was associated with the early history of New London, and may properly be brought in here. It was related by Gov. Winthrop himself in 1872 in testifying concerning the boundaries in one of the suits with its neighbors, which the litigious and ambitious town was constantly maintaining. In 1657 Jonathan Rudd, a Saybrook colonist, was very desirous of marrying his affianced bride. All had been prepared for the ceremony, but a heavy snowstorm prevented the minister engaged from coming. In this extremity he applied to Winthrop. The latter, who was eager to aid the lovers, was not legally empowered to officiate in Connecticut jurisdiction, holding, as he did, his authority from Massachusetts. He solved the difficulty by proposing that the bridal company come to "Bridebrook," then called "Sunkipaug," two miles west of Niantic bay, and the limit of the plantation. The proposition was accepted, and beside the ice-covered brook, with the crisp snow cracking between their feet, and the bare branches of the trees intercepting none of the feeble rays of the sun, was performed a marriage rite unparalleled in romance, and yet vouched for in history.—New England Magazine.